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THE TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR

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The
New Readers' Shakespeare

Comedies

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE
AS YOU LIKE IT
TWELFTH NIGHT
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
THE MERRY WIVES OF
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Tragedies

JULIUS CÆSAR
HAMLET
MACBETH
OTHELLO
KING LEAR
CORIOLANUS

THE
NEW READERS' SHAKESPEARE

THE TRAGEDY OF
JULIUS CÆSAR

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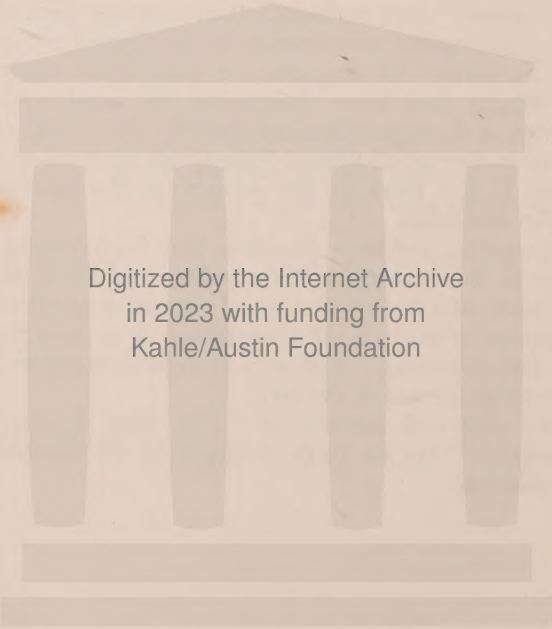
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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE Editors of "The New Readers' Shakespeare" have endeavoured to treat the plays of Shakespeare as literature to be enjoyed rather than as matter for linguistic or antiquarian study. Accordingly they have disregarded the usual scene headings and stage directions (mostly the work of editors in the age of Queen Anne), and have given a setting to the plays in the manner of the greatest modern dramatists.

The setting and stage directions have been prepared by Mr G. B. Harrison, with the assistance of Mr F. H. Pritchard, who has added a set of suggestive questions for the use of teachers and those who wish to study the plays more critically. A glossary of difficult words will be found at the end of the text.

The aims and methods of "The New Readers' Shakespeare" are set forth at length in the General Introduction.



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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

EVERY age reads its Shakespeare differently. Shakespeare himself seems not to have regarded his plays as serious literature; he wrote for the stage without a thought that future ages would use him in the class-room. For all that, many of his contemporaries had a very just estimate of the value of his work, and in 1623, seven years after his death, John Heminge and Henry Condell collected his plays into one volume—the First Folio. Thereafter the plays became literature, and their fame spread. As stage plays, however, they rather declined in popularity, and to audiences of the time of Charles II they seemed somewhat old-fashioned. Samuel Pepys, for example, noted in his *Diary* that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* "is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life," and that *Twelfth Night* was "one of the weakest plays that I ever saw on the stage."

Meanwhile four editions of the Folio appeared between 1623 and 1685, and Shakespeare definitely became a 'classic' when, in 1709, Nicholas Rowe brought out the first edited collection of the plays.

Rowe was faced with many difficulties. Not only was the spelling and punctuation of the Folio antiquated and out of use, but the plays themselves were set out in the most haphazard and inconsistent manner. In many of them there was not even division into acts and scenes; nor was there anything to show where each scene was taking place.

The explanation is simple. Shakespeare was an actor ; he wrote for his own company, and he was present at rehearsals to advise and direct. There was therefore no need for him to put in a multiplicity of detail to show how the action was to be performed or the dialogue to be spoken. The earliest complete text of *Hamlet*, for instance, opens thus :

The Tragedie of

H A M L E T

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

There is no "Act I, Scene 1," and no note to show where the action is taking place, because there was no scenery in the Globe Theatre and no waiting between the acts.

Now the players in Shakespeare's company acted a very large number of plays each year, and were quite used to this kind of copy, which was adequate enough for playhouse use, but not at all suitable for easy reading. Rowe quite rightly saw that reading a play at home was a very different experience from seeing it at the theatre ; if his readers were to enjoy their study of Shakespeare by themselves they needed other guides to the imagination. Accordingly he added stage directions and scene divisions. In his edition *Hamlet* begins :

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE. *An open Place before the Palace.*

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

He also added a few notes to show the action, such as "*He opens the letter and reads,*" "*Enter Ophelia*

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fantastically drest with straws and flowers." In his edition of *Macbeth* he is still more explicit. In Act IV, Scene 1, the First Folio simply reads :

Thunder. Enter the three witches.

Rowe adds :

SCENE. *A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning. . . .*

They march round the Cauldron, and throw in several ingredients as for the Preparation of their Charm.

These additions can be justified on one ground only (but that a very reasonable one)—that, by aiding the imagination, they make the reading of the plays more enjoyable. Since Rowe's day there have been hundreds of editions of Shakespeare, but until quite recently all his editors have kept to the cold, formal type of stage direction and heading which Rowe generally used.

The severe style of eighteenth-century dramatic settings has now quite gone out of fashion. In modern plays we seldom see such directions as :

Act I, Scene i. *London. The Palace.*

Sennet. Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.

Instead Mr Bernard Shaw writes :

A fine spring morning on the River Meuse, between Lorraine and Champagne, in the year 1429, in the castle of Vaucouleurs.

Captain Robert de Baudricourt, a military squire, handsome and physically energetic, but with no will of his own, is disguising that defect in his usual fashion by storming

terribly at his steward, a trodden worm, scanty of flesh, scanty of hair, who might be any age from 18 to 55, being the sort of man whom age cannot wither because he has never bloomed.

The two are in a sunny stone chamber on the first floor of the castle. At a plain strong oak table, seated in chair to match, the captain presents his left profile. The steward stands facing him at the other side of the table, in so deprecatory a stance as his can be called standing. The mullioned thirteenth-century window is open behind him. Near it in the corner is a turret with a narrow arched doorway leading to a winding stair which descends to the courtyard. There is a stout fourlegged stool under the table, and a wooden chest under the window.¹

The obvious advantage of the modern method is that the reader has a full and vivid idea of the characters who are about to speak before he begins to read the dialogue. Without such aids, he must first read through the whole play before he can properly appreciate Act I.

There are therefore two courses open to a modern editor. Either he can produce an exact reprint of the text which was nearest to Shakespeare's own manuscript, and the result will be the 'book of words' of an Elizabethan stage play; or else he can prepare a literary edition for the reader, set out in the manner adopted by our best modern dramatists. Nothing is gained by keeping to the eighteenth-century methods of presentation, which are neither in Shakespeare's manner nor our own. Students who have read widely in Elizabethan literature will naturally prefer the exact

¹ *Saint Joan.*

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reprint, but those who have neither the time nor the inclination to specialize may perhaps prefer a text which has been prepared for easy reading.

In addition to the 'directions' added to the text, spaced type has been used to distinguish those words which should be emphasized.

We believe the principles adopted in "The New Readers' Shakespeare" to be sound; it is for others to judge how far we have succeeded in our practice.

G. B. H.

NOTE

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar was written about 1600, and first published in the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays—the First Folio of 1623. The story is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans*, which includes the lives of Cæsar, Antony, and Brutus.

THE CHARACTERS

SOME ROMAN CITIZENS, *among them* A CARPENTER *and* A
COBBLER

FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *tribunes*

JULIUS CÆSAR

CALPURNIA, *his wife*

MARCUS BRUTUS, *a noble Roman*

PORTIA, *his wife*

LUCIUS, *Brutus' boy*

CAIUS CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA, *conspirators against Julius*
Cæsar

CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *senators*

MARCUS ANTONIUS, *Cæsar's lieutenant*

OCTAVIUS, *Cæsar's young nephew*

LEPIDUS, *one of the triumvirs*

ARTEMIDORUS

A SOOTHSAYER

CINNA, *a poet*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, CATO, VOLUMNIUS, *officers in*
the armies of Brutus and Cassius

A POET

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, DARDANIUS, *followers of*
Brutus

PINDARUS, *Cassius' freedman*

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I

SCENE I

At Rome there is general rejoicing. It is the Feast of Lupercal, and Cæsar is celebrating his victories over the last of the friends of Pompey, his dead rival. The Roman people, whose memories are short, as usual applaud the victor; they turn out gladly to keep holiday and see the show. But there are others who do not share their enthusiasm, for Cæsar's triumph is being celebrated over Romans, and his power seems to be growing too great.

A crowd of working men, dressed in their holiday best, come on; Flavius and Marullus, the tribunes, meet them.

FLAVIUS [*sternly*]. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

CARPENTER. Why, sir, a carpenter.

MARULLUS. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

COBBLER [*who, being a member of the Gentle Craft, is rather a wag*]. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

MARULLUS. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

COBBLER. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

MARULLUS [*impatiently*]. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

COBBLER. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

MARULLUS. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

COBBLER. Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

COBBLER. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with a wl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

FLAVIUS. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

COBBLER. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

MARULLUS [*bitterly*]. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAVIUS. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

*[The crowd, shamed and abashed by these words,
disperses in silence, leaving the tribunes alone.]*

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

MARULLUS. May we do so?
You know it is the Feast of Lupercal.

FLAVIUS. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

SCENE II

Cæsar passes on his way to the games.

Julius Cæsar, the great dictator, has somewhat passed his prime. His physical powers are beginning to fail, and continual success has dulled the keenness of his mind. Now that his power is supreme, he begins to grow haughty, and he gives offence by his air of conscious superiority, for it is indeed plain that no one dares to oppose his will.

He is accompanied by Calpurnia and Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, and a number of citizens, among whom is a soothsayer. Antony, his lieutenant, stripped for the race, walks by his side. Some little way behind follow the two tribunes, unwilling to join the throng, yet eager to see what will happen.

CÆSAR. Calpurnia!

CASCA. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

CÆSAR. Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA. Here, my lord.

CÆSAR. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!

ANTONY. Cæsar, my lord?

CÆSAR. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

ANTONY.

I shall remember:

When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

CÆSAR. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

SOOTHSAYER [*edging his way through the crowd*].

Cæsar!

CÆSAR. Ha! who calls?

CASCA. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CÆSAR. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry "Cæsar!" Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the Ides of March.

CÆSAR.

What man is that?

BRUTUS. A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of
March.

CÆSAR. Set him before me; let me see his face.

CASCA. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon
Cæsar.

[*The soothsayer comes forward and stands before
Cæsar.*]

CÆSAR. What sayst thou to me now? speak once
again.

SOOTHSAYER. Beware the Ides of March.

CÆSAR. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[*As the procession passes on Brutus turns aside;
Cassius follows him.*]

The two men are a great contrast. Brutus is an unimaginative idealist, and is ready to make any sacrifice for what he considers his duty. Moreover, he is descended from Lucius Junius Brutus, the founder of the Roman Republic. He is therefore sick at heart when he sees Cæsar destroying all the institutions which he holds most sacred.

Cassius, on the other hand, is practical and unscrupulous. He has no ideals, but is consumed by jealousy of Cæsar.

CASSIUS. Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS. Not I.

CASSIUS. I pray you, do.

BRUTUS. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

CASSIUS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

BRUTUS. Cassius,
Be not deceived : if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours ;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—

Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CASSIUS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion ;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

BRUTUS. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

CASSIUS. 'Tis just :

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome—
[*With a sneer*] Except immortal Cæsar—speaking of
Brutus,

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRUTUS. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

CASSIUS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to
hear :

And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus ;
Were I a common laughèr, or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[A noise of shouting is heard.]

BRUTUS. What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

CASSIUS. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRUTUS. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently :
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar. [*Bitterly*] And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. [*With growing indignation*] Ye gods,
it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

[*Another and louder noise of shouting is heard.*]

BRUTUS. Another general shout !
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

CASSIUS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar : what should be in that
“ Cæsar ” ?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man ?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
Oh, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

[Brutus has not been moved by an appeal to his jealousy, but mention of his ancestor always stirs him. He begins to incline sympathetically to Cassius' suggestions.]

BRUTUS. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim :
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider ; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CASSIUS. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

BRUTUS. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

CASSIUS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

[The procession returns.]

BRUTUS. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calpurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

CASSIUS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

[As he passes Cæsar notices Brutus and Cassius whispering together, and suspects that they are criticizing him. He pauses.]

CÆSAR. Antonius!

ANTONY. Cæsar?

CÆSAR *[glancing toward Cassius]*. Let me have men about me that are fat;

Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

ANTONY. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

CÆSAR. Would he were fatter ! But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[As the procession passes on Brutus draws Casca aside.]

CASCA. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRUTUS. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

CASCA [*who affects a blunt, rude manner*]. Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

BRUTUS. What was the second noise for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

CASSIUS. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

BRUTUS. Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS. Who offered him the crown?

CASCA. Why, Antony.

BRUTUS. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA [*contemptuously*]. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it.

And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CASSIUS. But soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoound?

CASCA. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

BRUTUS. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

CASSIUS. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRUTUS. What said he when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be

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taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

BRUTUS. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA. Ay.

CASSIUS. Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS. To what effect?

CASCA. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CASSIUS. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

CASCA. No, I am promised forth.

CASSIUS. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

CASSIUS. Good: I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so. Farewell, both. [*He goes out.*]

BRUTUS. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

CASSIUS. So is he now in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

BRUTUS. And so it is. For this time I will leave
you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CASSIUS. I will do so : till then, think of the world.

[Brutus withdraws.]

[Gazing after Brutus] Well, Brutus, thou art noble ;
yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed : therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

SCENE III

A night of terrible thunder and lightning.

Casca, with his sword drawn, meets Cicero. Casca is much frightened, Cicero philosophically calm.

CICERO. Good even, Casca : brought you Cæsar home ?
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

CASCA. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

CASCA. A common slave—you know him well by
sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me : and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear ; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
“ These are their reasons ; they are natural ” ;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

CASCA. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

CICERO. Good night then, Casca : this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

CASCA. Farewell, Cicero.

[Cicero leaves him. Cassius approaches.]

CASSIUS. Who's there ?

CASCA. A Roman.

CASSIUS. Casca, by your voice.

CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
this ?

CASSIUS. A very pleasing night to honest men.

CASCA. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

CASSIUS. Those that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone ;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

CASSIUS *[seeing that this is a good opportunity for
adding another convert to his conspiracy]*. You are
dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze

And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean ; is it not,
Cassius?

CASSIUS. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king ;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

CASSIUS [*vehemently*]. I know where I will wear
this dagger then ;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Another crash of thunder.*]

CASCA.

So can I :

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

CASSIUS. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman ; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA [*like most men thoroughly frightened, responds
eagerly to this appeal to his courage*]. You speak to
Casca, and to such a man

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,

And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CASSIUS [*taking his hand*]. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets ;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

CASSIUS. 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend. [*Cinna draws near.*]

Cinna, where haste you so ?

CINNA. To find out you. [*Not recognizing Cassius' companion in the darkness*] Who's that ? Metellus
Cimber ?

CASSIUS. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

CINNA. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is
this !

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CASSIUS. Am I not stay'd for ? tell me.

CINNA. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party——

CASSIUS. Be you content : [*giving Cinna some papers*]
good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CINNA. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

CASSIUS. That done, repair to Pompey's Theatre.

[Cinna withdraws.]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

CASCA. Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CASSIUS. Him and his worth and our great need of
him

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[They go out together.]

ACT II

SCENE I

Brutus anxiously paces up and down in his orchard. He must decide whether or not to join Cassius in the conspiracy to murder Cæsar, for he realizes that Cæsar cannot be checked by constitutional means. Either he must consent to the death of his benefactor or be false to his high principles.

BRUTUS [*calling for his boy*]. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!
[*Lucius enters.*]

LUCIUS. Call'd you, my lord?

BRUTUS. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

LUCIUS. I will, my lord. [*Lucius withdraws.*]

BRUTUS [*his principles beginning to get the better of his feelings, muses aloud*]. It must be by his death:
and for my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that!
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power : and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities :
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell. *[Lucius returns.]*

LUCIUS. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
[Giving him a letter] Searching the window for a flint,
I found

This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

BRUTUS. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March ?

LUCIUS. I know not, sir.

BRUTUS. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUCIUS. I will, sir. *[Lucius goes into the house.]*

BRUTUS. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

*[He opens the letter and reads it in the flickering
light of the flashes.]*

“ Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome . . . Speak, strike, redress !

Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake ! ”

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

[*Looking at the letter again*] “ Shall Rome . . . ” Thus
must I piece it out :

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What,
Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

“ Speak, strike, redress ! ” Am I entreated

To speak and strike ? [*His mind now quite resolved,
he dedicates himself to the cause*] O Rome, I make
thee promise ;

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

[*Lucius comes back.*]

LUCIUS. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocking is heard on the gate.*]

BRUTUS. 'Tis good. Go to the gate ; somebody
knocks. [*Lucius goes out.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :

The Genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council ; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection. [*Lucius returns.*]

LUCIUS. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

BRUTUS.

Is he alone ?

LUCIUS. No, sir, there are moe with him.

BRUTUS. Do you know them?

LUCIUS. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

BRUTUS. Let 'em enter. *[Lucius withdraws.]*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? Oh, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:

For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

[Cassius comes in with his fellow conspirators, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.]

CASSIUS. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus: do we trouble you?

BRUTUS. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

CASSIUS. Yes, every man of them, and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

[Cassius presents the conspirators to Brutus one by one.]

This is Trebonius.

BRUTUS. He is welcome hither.

CASSIUS. This, Decius Brutus.

BRUTUS. He is welcome too.

CASSIUS. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this, Metellus Cimber.

BRUTUS. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

CASSIUS. Shall I entreat a word ?

[Brutus and Cassius go aside and whisper together.]

DECIUS. Here lies the east : doth not the day break
here ?

CASCA. No.

CINNA. Oh, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

CASCA. You shall confess that you are both deceived
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*[Brutus and Cassius come back. Brutus has
promised to join the conspiracy and become its
leader. Henceforward he regards this plot
as a holy mission.]*

BRUTUS. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

CASSIUS. And let us swear our resolution.

BRUTUS. No, not an oath : if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. [*With growing fervour*] But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

CASSIUS [*more concerned with the practical details*].

But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

CASCA. Let us not leave him out.

CINNA.

No, by no means.

METELLUS. Oh, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands ;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

BRUTUS. Oh, name him not : let us not break with
him ;

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

CASSIUS. Then leave him out.

CASCA. Indeed he is not fit.

DECIUS. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Cæsar ?

CASSIUS. Decius, well urged : I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

BRUTUS. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards ;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar :
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
Oh that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it ! [*With almost religious
ecstasy*] And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

CASSIUS.

Yet I fear him ;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar——

BRUTUS [*interrupting*]. Alas, good Cassius, do not
think of him !

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness and much company.

TREBONIUS. There is no fear in him ; let him not
die ;

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*A clock strikes.*]

BRUTUS. Peace ! count the clock.

CASSIUS.

The clock hath stricken three.

TREBONIUS. 'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS.

But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DECIUS. Never fear that : if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers ;
[*Cynically*] But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work ;

For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

CASSIUS. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

BRUTUS. By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

CINNA. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

METELLUS. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

BRUTUS. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

CASSIUS. The morning comes upon's : we'll leave
you, Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

BRUTUS. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy :
And so good morrow to you every one.

[*The conspirators withdraw, leaving Brutus alone.*]

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

[*Portia, Brutus' wife, approaches.*]

PORTIA.

Brutus, my lord!

BRUTUS. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you
now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

PORTIA. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

BRUTUS. I am not well in health, and that is all.

PORTIA. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

BRUTUS. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

PORTIA [*quite unconvinced by this obviously false excuse*]. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical

To walk unbraced and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: [*kneeling*] and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

BRUTUS. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

PORTIA. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

BRUTUS. You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

PORTIA. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant I am a woman; [*proudly*] but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

BRUTUS. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking is heard on the gate.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:

Leave me with haste. [*Portia returns to the house.*]

Lucius, who's that knocks?

[*Lucius comes back with Ligarius.*]

LUCIUS. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

BRUTUS. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

LIGARIUS. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRUTUS. Oh, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick !

LIGARIUS. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

BRUTUS. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIGARIUS. By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness ! Soul of Rome !

Brave son, derived from honourable loins !

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible ;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

BRUTUS. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIGARIUS. But are not some whole that we must make sick ?

BRUTUS. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee, as we are going

To whom it must be done.

LIGARIUS. Set on your foot,

And with a heart new-fired I follow you,

To do I know not what : but it sufficeth

That Brutus leads me on.

BRUTUS. Follow me, then.

SCENE II

Early morning in Cæsar's house. The storm and the general panic have prevented Cæsar from sleeping. He comes in wearing his nightgown.

CÆSAR. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
to-night :

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
“ Help, ho ! they murder Cæsar ! ” Who's within ?

[A servant enters.]

SERVANT. My lord ?

CÆSAR. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERVANT. I will, my lord.

[He withdraws. Calpurnia, Cæsar's wife, approaches, much frightened.]

CALPURNIA. What mean you, Cæsar ? think you to
walk forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CÆSAR. Cæsar shall forth : the things that threaten'd
me

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

CALPURNIA. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their
dead ;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them !

CÆSAR. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

CALPURNIA. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen ;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

CÆSAR. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. [*The servant returns.*

What say the augurers?

SERVANT. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

CÆSAR. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he :
We are two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible :
And Cæsar shall go forth.

CALPURNIA. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence !
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-house ;
And he shall say you are not well to-day :

[*Kneeling*] Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

CÆSAR [*not in the least dismayed by portents, but simply to humour Calpurnia*]. Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

[*Decius enters.*]

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

DECIUS. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the Senate-house.

CÆSAR. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot is false, and that I dare not, falser :
I will not come to-day : tell them so, Decius.

CALPURNIA. Say he is sick.

CÆSAR. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?

Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

DECIUS [*for the moment put out by this unexpected check to their plans*]. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CÆSAR. The cause is in my will : I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know :
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it :
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

DECIUS. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

CÆSAR. And this way have you well expounded it.

DECIUS [*suggesting an argument which he knows Cæsar cannot resist*]. I have, when you have heard what
I can say :

And know it now : the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
“ Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.”
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper

“Lo, Cæsar is afraid”?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

CÆSAR [*touched on a weak spot by this reflection on his courage*]. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calpurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.

Give me my robe, for I will go.

[*Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna come in to escort Cæsar to the Senate-house.*]

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS. Good morrow, Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.

What is't o'clock?

BRUTUS. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

CÆSAR. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

[*Antony enters.*]

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

ANTONY. So to most noble Cæsar.

CÆSAR. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREBONIUS. Cæsar, I will : [*to himself*] and so near
will I be,

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CÆSAR. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

BRUTUS [*sadly to himself*]. That every like is not the
same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !

SCENE III

In a street leading to the Senate-house Artemidorus waits to speak to Cæsar as he passes. He has heard of the conspiracy, and has written out a warning, which he hopes Cæsar will read.

ARTEMIDORUS [*reading over his petition*]. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber : Decius Brutus loves thee not : thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you : security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover, Artemidorus."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live ;

If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

SCENE IV

Portia in her anxiety cannot wait for news of the conspiracy at home, but comes out into the city with Lucius.

PORTIA [*in great agitation*]. I prithee, boy, run to the Senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

LUCIUS. To know my errand, madam.

PORTIA. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !
Art thou here yet ?

LUCIUS [*much puzzled by the strange behaviour of his mistress*]. Madam, what should I do ?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

PORTIA. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

LUCIUS. I hear none, madam.

PORTIA. Prithee, listen well ;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUCIUS. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

[*The soothsayer passes by.*]

PORTIA. Come hither, fellow : which way hast thou been ?

SOOTHSAYER. At mine own house, good lady.

PORTIA. What is't o'clock ?

SOOTHSAYER. About the ninth hour, lady.

PORTIA. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

SOOTHSAYER. Madam, not yet : I go to take my stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

PORTIA. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

SOOTHSAYER. That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

PORTIA [*anxiously*]. Why, knowst thou any harm's intended towards him ?

SOOTHSAYER. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*He passes on.*]

PORTIA. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing The heart of woman is ! O Brutus,

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !

Sure, the boy heard me : Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant. Oh, I grow faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;

Say I am merry : come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

ACT III

SCENE I

A great crowd stands in the Senate-house waiting for Cæsar, among them Artemidorus and the soothsayer. Cæsar makes his way through the people. With him are Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, and Publius. As he enters he notices the soothsayer.

CÆSAR. The Ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS [*pushing his way through the crowd*].
Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

DECIUS. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS [*eagerly*]. O Cæsar, read mine first;
for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

CÆSAR [*with dignity*]. What touches us ourself shall
be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

CÆSAR. What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS [*pushing Artemidorus aside*]. Sirrah, give
place.

CASSIUS. What, urge you your petitions in the
street?

Come to the Capitol. [*Cæsar goes up to his chair.*

POPILIUS [*to Cassius*]. I wish your enterprise to-day
may thrive.

CASSIUS. What enterprise, Popilius ?

POPILIUS. Fare you well.

[He moves toward Cæsar, and speaks to him.]

BRUTUS. What said Popilius Lena ?

CASSIUS *[much agitated]*. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

BRUTUS. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : mark him.

CASSIUS. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

BRUTUS *[calmly]*. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

CASSIUS. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Trebonius leads Antony out of the Senate-house as Cæsar takes his seat.]

DECIUS. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

BRUTUS. He is address'd : press near and second him.

CINNA. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

CÆSAR. Are we all ready ? What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his Senate must redress ?

[The conspirators gather round Cæsar as if to support Metellus Cimber in his petition.]

METELLUS *[kneeling]*. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart——

CÆSAR. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

CÆSAR. What, Brutus!

CASSIUS [*kneeling*]. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

CÆSAR. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
So in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion : and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this ;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

[While Cæsar is speaking Casca creeps behind his chair.]

CINNA. O Cæsar——

CÆSAR. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

DECIUS. Great Cæsar——

CÆSAR. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me !

[Casca stabs Cæsar in the back. The other conspirators also draw their daggers and stab. Cæsar struggles desperately until he sees that Brutus too is numbered with his enemies ; then he makes no further resistance.]

CÆSAR. *Et tu, Brute !* Then fall, Cæsar !

[He covers his face with his toga, and falls dead at the foot of Pompey's statue.]

The people and senators rise and flee from the Senate-house in panic.

CINNA. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CASSIUS. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
“ Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement ! ”

BRUTUS. People and senators, be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still : ambition's debt is paid.

[*The conspirators, much excited, all talk at once.*]

CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS.

And Cassius too.

BRUTUS. Where's Publius ?

CINNA. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance——

BRUTUS. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

CASSIUS. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the
people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRUTUS. Do so : and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers. [*Trebonius returns.*]

CASSIUS. Where is Antony ?

TREBONIUS. Fled to his house amazed :

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were Doomsday.

BRUTUS. Fates, we will know your pleasures :
That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

CASSIUS. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRUTUS. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :

Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry "Peace, freedom and liberty!"

[They gather round Cæsar's body and bathe their hands in his blood.]

CASSIUS. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages
hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

BRUTUS. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in
sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

CASSIUS. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

DECIUS. What, shall we forth?

CASSIUS. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

[Just as they are going a servant enters.]

BRUTUS. Soft! who comes here? A friend of An-
tony's.

SERVANT *[kneeling]*. Thus, Brutus, did my master
bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
"Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving;
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith." So says my master Antony.

BRUTUS. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

SERVANT. I'll fetch him presently. [*He withdraws.*]

BRUTUS. I know that we shall have him well to
friend.

CASSIUS. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

BRUTUS. But here comes Antony.

[*Antony comes in.*]

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
[*To the murderers*] I know not, gentlemen, what you
intend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

BRUTUS. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

CASSIUS [*suggesting a more powerful inducement*].

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

BRUTUS. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

ANTONY. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
[*He takes each of them in turn by the hand.*] First,
Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;

Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours, Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all—alas ! what shall I say ?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

[*Looking at the body*] That I did love thee, Cæsar, oh,
'tis true :

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble, in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bay'd, brave
hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie !

CASSIUS [*misliking the tenor of Antony's words*]. Mark
Antony——

ANTONY. Pardon me, Caius Cassius :
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

CASSIUS. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;

But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

ANTONY [*smoothly*]. Therefore I took your hands,
but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

BRUTUS. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

ANTONY [*apparently moved only by loyalty to his dead leader*]. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

BRUTUS. You shall, Mark Antony.

CASSIUS [*perceiving the folly of Brutus' decision, whispers in his ear*]. Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

BRUTUS. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall

Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

CASSIUS. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

BRUTUS. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,

And say you do't by our permission ;

Else shall you not have any hand at all

About his funeral : and you shall speak

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,

After my speech is ended.

ANTONY.

Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

BRUTUS. Prepare the body then, and fellow us,

[The conspirators go out of the Senate-house, leaving Antony alone with the body of Cæsar.]

So far Antony has been obliged to deal smoothly with the murderers. For the moment he was defenceless and in great danger, but by his presence of mind he has placated them, and, moreover, by his apparently simple request to speak at Cæsar's funeral has already won an advantage over the unpractical Brutus. Now that he is alone he can give utterance to his real thoughts.

ANTONY *[gazing sadly on Cæsar's body]*. Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

[*A servant enters.*]

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

SERVANT. I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. Cæsar did write for him to come to
Rome.

SERVANT. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth——

[*Noticing Cæsar's body*] O Cæsar!

ANTONY. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and
weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

SERVANT. He lies to-night within seven leagues of
Rome.

ANTONY. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[They carry Cæsar's body out of the Senate-house.]

SCENE II

Brutus and Cassius enter the Forum, followed by a large crowd of citizens.

CITIZENS. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

BRUTUS. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

FIRST CITIZEN. I will hear Brutus speak.

SECOND CITIZEN. I will hear Cassius ; and compare
their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[Cassius departs, followed by some of the citizens; the rest stay to hear Brutus. He goes up on to the rostrum amid the respectful silence of the crowd.]

THIRD CITIZEN. The noble Brutus is ascended :
silence !

BRUTUS. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer : Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

ALL. None, Brutus, none.

BRUTUS. Then none have I offended. I have done

no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

[Antony approaches with the bearers carrying the body of Cæsar on a bier.]

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

ALL *[quite won over to his side]*. Live, Brutus! live, live!

FIRST CITIZEN. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

SECOND CITIZEN. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him be Cæsar.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

FIRST CITIZEN. We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS. My countrymen——

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

FIRST CITIZEN. Peace, ho!

BRUTUS. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[The crowd make way for Brutus as he departs.]

FIRST CITIZEN. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

THIRD CITIZEN. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

ANTONY. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

[Antony goes up into the rostrum.]

FOURTH CITIZEN. What does he say of Brutus?

THIRD CITIZEN. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

FOURTH CITIZEN. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

FIRST CITIZEN. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

THIRD CITIZEN. Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

SECOND CITIZEN. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY. You gentle Romans——

CITIZENS. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY *[his voice broken with emotion, and his sentences coming forth slowly, one by one]*. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, "He was ambitious";
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, "He was ambitious";
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, "He was ambitious";
[*With a faint suspicion of irony*] And, sure, he is an
honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

*[He breaks down and weeps. The crowd are
deeply touched at the sight of his emotion.]*

FIRST CITIZEN. Methinks there is much reason in
his sayings.

SECOND CITIZEN. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

THIRD CITIZEN. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Mark'd ye his words? He would
not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

FIRST CITIZEN. If it be found so, some will dear
abide it.

SECOND CITIZEN. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire
with weeping.

THIRD CITIZEN. There's not a nobler man in Rome
than Antony.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Now mark him, he begins again
to speak.

ANTONY. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
[*Beginning to grow eloquent, but immediately checking himself*] I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius
wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

*[The crowd, now that its curiosity has been aroused,
is eager to hear more.]*

FOURTH CITIZEN. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

ALL. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

ANTONY. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, oh, what would come of it!

FOURTH CITIZEN. Read the will; we'll hear it,
Antony;

You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

ANTONY. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:

[Very bitterly] I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

FOURTH CITIZEN. They were traitors: honourable men!

ALL *[their excitement growing]*. The will! the testament!

SECOND CITIZEN. They were villains, murderers:
the will! read the will.

ANTONY. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

SEVERAL CITIZENS. Come down.

SECOND CITIZEN. Descend.

THIRD CITIZEN. You shall have leave.

[Antony comes down from the rostrum, and stands by the bier. The citizens crowd round him.]

FOURTH CITIZEN. A ring; stand round.

FIRST CITIZEN. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

SECOND CITIZEN. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

ANTONY. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

SEVERAL CITIZENS. Stand back; room; bear back.

[As soon as the crowd has drawn back a little Antony takes up Cæsar's bloodstained military cloak and spreads it out.]

ANTONY. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? [*Uncovering the body*]

Look you here,

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

FIRST CITIZEN. O piteous spectacle!

SECOND CITIZEN. O noble Cæsar!

THIRD CITIZEN. O woeful day!

FOURTH CITIZEN. O traitors, villains!

FIRST CITIZEN. O most bloody sight!

SECOND CITIZEN. We will be revenged.

*[The suggestion is taken up, and there are cries
from all sides.]*

ALL. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!

Slay! Let not a traitor live!

ANTONY. Stay, countrymen.

FIRST CITIZEN. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

SECOND CITIZEN. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

ANTONY [*beginning again in a quiet and persuasive manner*]. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable :

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it : they are wise and honour-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend ; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him :

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me : [*with sudden passion*] but
were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

ALL. We'll mutiny.

FIRST CITIZEN. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

THIRD CITIZEN. Away, then ! come, seek the con-
spirators.

ANTONY. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

ALL. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony !

ANTONY [*pretending to be surprised at their display of temper*]. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not ! I must tell you, then :

You have forgot the will I told you of.

ALL. Most true. The will ! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

SECOND CITIZEN. Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his death.

THIRD CITIZEN. O royal Cæsar !

ANTONY. Hear me with patience.

ALL. Peace, ho !

ANTONY. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

FIRST CITIZEN. Never, never. Come, away, away !
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

SECOND CITIZEN. Go fetch fire.

THIRD CITIZEN. Pluck down benches.

FOURTH CITIZEN. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[The crowd break loose. They take up Cæsar's body, and rush off to burn it.]

ANTONY. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt! *[A servant enters.]*
How now, fellow!

SERVANT. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY. Where is he?

SERVANT. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

ANTONY. And thither will I straight to visit him :
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

SERVANT. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

ANTONY *[with grim satisfaction]*. Belike they had
some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

SCENE III

Cinna the poet, very foolishly in these troublous times, takes a walk abroad.

CINNA. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy :
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

[A crowd of excited citizens come on, all speaking at once.]

FIRST CITIZEN. } What is your name?

SECOND CITIZEN. } Whither are you going?

THIRD CITIZEN. } Where do you dwell?

FOURTH CITIZEN. } Are you a married man or a bachelor?

SECOND CITIZEN. } Answer every man directly.

FIRST CITIZEN. } Ay, and briefly.

FOURTH CITIZEN. } Ay, and wisely.

THIRD CITIZEN. } Ay, and truly, you were best.

CINNA. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

SECOND CITIZEN. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

CINNA. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

FIRST CITIZEN. As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA. As a friend.

SECOND CITIZEN. That matter is answered directly.

FOURTH CITIZEN. For your dwelling—briefly.

CINNA. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

THIRD CITIZEN. Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA. Truly, my name is Cinna.

FIRST CITIZEN. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

CINNA [*in panic*]. I am Cinna the poet! I am Cinna the poet!

FOURTH CITIZEN. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

CINNA. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

FOURTH CITIZEN. It is no matter, his name's Cinna:

pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

THIRD CITIZEN. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands; to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[The citizens fall on Cinna and hustle him away.]

ACT IV

SCENE I

Some months have elapsed, and the Roman Empire is once more rent by civil war. Those of Cæsar's party are led by the triumvirs, Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Octavius, Cæsar's nephew and heir, is a cold-blooded young man who has determined to succeed to Cæsar's power; but for the present he sees that it is best to join forces with Antony. Lepidus, the third member of the triumvirate, is a mere makeweight, in every way inferior to his partners.

The triumvirs are seated round a table, marking the list of their enemies who are to be proscribed.

ANTONY. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

OCTAVIUS. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEPIDUS. I do consent——

OCTAVIUS. Prick him down, Antony.

LEPIDUS. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANTONY. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn
him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEPIDUS. What, shall I find you here?

OCTAVIUS. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Lepidus withdraws.*]

ANTONY. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCTAVIUS [*coldly*]. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

ANTONY. Octavius, I have seen more days than
you:

And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

OCTAVIUS. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANTONY. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:

It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and train'd and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

OCTAVIUS. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear.
Millions of mischiefs.

SCENE II

Some months later. The conspirators with their forces are near Sardis, where they await the coming of Antony and Octavius.

Brutus is sick at heart, for all his hopes have come to nothing. Cæsar's death has not been followed by a return of liberty, but by civil war, proscriptions, and general chaos. With failure tempers have grown embittered,

and differences are beginning to arise between Cassius and himself.

Brutus, with Lucilius, one of his lieutenants, and Lucius, is ready to receive Cassius. Titinius comes in with Pindarus, Cassius' servant, and salutes him.

BRUTUS. Stand, ho !

LUCILIUS. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

BRUTUS. What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

LUCILIUS. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

BRUTUS. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

PINDARUS. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

BRUTUS. He is not doubted. [*Taking Lucilius apart*]

A word, Lucilius ;
How he received you, let me be resolved.

LUCILIUS. With courtesy and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

BRUTUS. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling : ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

LUCILIUS. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

BRUTUS. Hark! he is arrived.

March gently on to meet him.

[Cassius, followed by some soldiers, approaches.]

CASSIUS. Stand, ho!

BRUTUS. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

FIRST SOLDIER. Stand!

SECOND SOLDIER. Stand!

THIRD SOLDIER. Stand!

CASSIUS *[indignantly]*. Most noble brother, you have
done me wrong.

BRUTUS. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

CASSIUS *[raising his voice]*. Brutus, this sober form
of yours hides wrongs;

And when you do them——

BRUTUS *[calmly]*. Cassius, be content;

Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,

Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;

Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,

And I will give you audience.

CASSIUS.

Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

BRUTUS. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

SCENE III

Brutus brings Cassius to his tent so that they may discuss their grievances in private.

CASSIUS [*unable to contain his wrath*]. That you have
wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRUTUS. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a
case.

CASSIUS. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

BRUTUS. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CASSIUS. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS. Chastisement!

BRUTUS. Remember March, the Ides of March remember :

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? [*Bitterly*] What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

[*Both men have now lost their tempers. Cassius goes red in the face and rages noisily, Brutus is white, cold, and contemptuous.*]

CASSIUS. Brutus, bay not me ;
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

BRUTUS. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS. I am.

BRUTUS. I say you are not.

CASSIUS. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

BRUTUS. Away, slight man !

CASSIUS. Is't possible ?

BRUTUS. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CASSIUS. O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all
this ?

BRUTUS. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

CASSIUS. Is it come to this?

BRUTUS. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

CASSIUS. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?

BRUTUS. If you did, I care not.

CASSIUS. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

BRUTUS. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

CASSIUS. I durst not!

BRUTUS. No.

CASSIUS. What, durst not tempt him!

BRUTUS. For your life you durst not.

CASSIUS. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

BRUTUS. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me :
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection : I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !

CASSIUS. I denied you not.

BRUTUS. You did.

CASSIUS. I did not : he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart :
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

BRUTUS. I do not, till you practise them on me.

CASSIUS. You love me not.

BRUTUS. I do not like your faults.

CASSIUS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

BRUTUS. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

CASSIUS [*unable to bear the strain any longer*]. Come,
Antony and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! [*Drawing his dagger and
offering it to Brutus*] There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS.

Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS.

Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

BRUTUS. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CASSIUS. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

BRUTUS. And my heart too.

[*They take each other's hands and are reconciled.*]

CASSIUS.

O Brutus!

BRUTUS.

What's the matter?

CASSIUS. Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

BRUTUS. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[A scuffle is heard outside. It is the camp poet trying to force his way past Lucilius.]

POET. Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

LUCILIUS. You shall not come to them.

POET. Nothing but death shall stay me.

[The poet breaks away and rushes into the tent, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.]

CASSIUS. How now! what's the matter?

POET. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

CASSIUS. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

BRUTUS. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

CASSIUS. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

BRUTUS. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?
Companion, hence!

CASSIUS.

Away, away, be gone!

[The poet is thrust out.]

BRUTUS. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

CASSIUS. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you

Immediately to us. [*Lucilius and Titinius withdraw.*]

BRUTUS. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Lucius goes out.*]

CASSIUS. I did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

CASSIUS. Of your philosophy you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils.

BRUTUS [*with great weariness*]. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS. Ha! Portia!

BRUTUS. She is dead.

CASSIUS. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong—for with her death
That tidings came—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

CASSIUS [*horrified*]. And died so?

BRUTUS. Even so.

CASSIUS. O ye immortal gods!

[*Lucius comes back with a bowl of wine and candles, which he sets on the table. Brutus and Cassius pledge each other.*]

BRUTUS. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

CASSIUS. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

BRUTUS. Come in, Titinius! [*Lucius withdraws.*

[*Titinius returns with Messala.*

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

[*They sit round the table and produce their dispatches.*

CASSIUS [*still musing on Brutus' terrible loss*]. Portia,
art thou gone?

BRUTUS. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

MESSALA. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

BRUTUS. With what addition?

MESSALA. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

BRUTUS. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one

CASSIUS. Cicero one!

MESSALA. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS. No, Messala.

MESSALA. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS. Nothing, Messala.

MESSALA. That, methinks, is strange.

BRUTUS. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

MESSALA. No, my lord.

BRUTUS. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

MESSALA. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

BRUTUS [*stoically*]. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala :

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA. Even so great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

BRUTUS. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

CASSIUS. I do not think it good.

BRUTUS. Your reason?

CASSIUS. This it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection ;
For they have grudged us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,

If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CASSIUS. Hear me, good brother——

BRUTUS [*silencing his objection*]. Under your pardon.

You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

CASSIUS. Then, with your will, go on ;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

BRUTUS. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

CASSIUS. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

BRUTUS [*calling*]. Lucius, my gown. Farewell, good
Messala :

Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

BRUTUS. Every thing is well.

CASSIUS. Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS. Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS. } Good night, Lord Brutus.

MESSALA. }

BRUTUS. Farewell, every one.

[Cassius, Titinius, and Messala withdraw. Lucius comes in with the gown.]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS. Here in the tent.

BRUTUS. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS *[calling]*. Varro and Claudius!

[Varro and Claudius enter.]

VARRO. Calls my lord?

BRUTUS. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

It may be I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

VARRO. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

BRUTUS. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[Varro and Claudius lie down and sleep.]

LUCIUS. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

BRUTUS. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

LUCIUS. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

BRUTUS. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

LUCIUS. It is my duty, sir.

BRUTUS. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

LUCIUS. I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep
again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,

I will be good to thee.

*[Lucius begins to sing, but soon his head falls
forward, and he sleeps.]*

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night ;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :

[Taking the instrument from the sleeping boy] If thou
dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;

I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see ; is not the leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

*[He begins to read. After a few moments the
tapers seem to burn dimly. Brutus looks up
and sees the ghost of Cæsar standing near him.]*

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me. Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS. Why comest thou?

GHOST. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS. Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[The ghost vanishes.]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

[Calling] Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!

LUCIUS *[drowsily]*. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRUTUS. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS. My lord?

BRUTUS. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out?

LUCIUS. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any
thing?

LUCIUS. Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius! *[To
Varro]* Fellow thou, awake!

VARRO. My lord?

CLAUDIUS. My lord?

BRUTUS. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

VARRO. } Did we, my lord?
CLAUDIUS. }

BRUTUS.

Ay: saw you any thing?

VARRO. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIUS.

Nor I, my lord.

BRUTUS. Go and commend me to my brother
Cassius;Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

VARRO.

} It shall be done, my lord.

CLAUDIUS.

ACT V

SCENE I

*On the plains of Philippi Antony and Octavius, with
their army, watch the enemy's movements.*OCTAVIUS. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.ANTONY. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 'tis not so. *[A messenger enters hastily.]*MESSENGER. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

ANTONY. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

OCTAVIUS. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the
left.

ANTONY [*with irritation*]. Why do you cross me in
this exigent?

OCTAVIUS [*coldly*]. I do not cross you; but I will
do so.

[*They stand aside, seeing that Brutus and
Cassius, attended by Lucilius, Titinius, Mes-
sala, and some soldiers are drawing near to
parley.*]

BRUTUS. They stand, and would have parley.

CASSIUS. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

OCTAVIUS. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of
battle?

ANTONY. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their
charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

OCTAVIUS [*to his soldiers*]. Stir not until the signal.

[*Antony and Octavius go up to Brutus and his
party.*]

BRUTUS. Words before blows: is it so, country-
men?

OCTAVIUS. Not that we love words better, as you
do.

BRUTUS. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

ANTONY. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

CASSIUS [*ironically*]. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

ANTONY. Not stingless too.

BRUTUS. Oh, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

ANTONY. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

CASSIUS. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

OCTAVIUS. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make
us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

[*Drawing his sword*] Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

OCTAVIUS. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

BRUTUS. Oh, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable!

CASSIUS. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

ANTONY. Old Cassius still!

OCTAVIUS. Come, Antony, away!

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field:

If not, when you have stomachs.

[Antony, Octavius, and their soldiers withdraw.]

CASSIUS. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

BRUTUS. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

LUCILIUS. My lord?

[Brutus leads Lucilius aside.]

CASSIUS. Messala!

MESSALA. What says my general?

CASSIUS. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong

And his opinion: now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us :
This morning are they fled away and gone ;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

MESSALA. Believe not so.

CASSIUS. I but believe it partly ;

For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

BRUTUS. Even so, Lucilius.

[Brutus and Lucilius rejoin the others.]

CASSIUS. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :
What are you then determined to do ?

BRUTUS. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life : arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

CASSIUS. Then, if we lose this battle,

You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome !

BRUTUS. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the Ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

CASSIUS. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

BRUTUS. Why, then, lead on. Oh that a man might
know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

SCENE II

The battle. Brutus gives orders to Messala.

BRUTUS. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills
Unto the legions on the other side.
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

SCENE III

The battle. At the foot of a hill Cassius and Titinius watch the fight, which is going badly.

CASSIUS. Oh, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

TITINIUS. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too
early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

[Pindarus runs in.]

PINDARUS. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

CASSIUS. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

TITINIUS. They are, my lord.

CASSIUS. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

TITINIUS. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[Titinius goes out.]

CASSIUS. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,

And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[Pindarus climbs the hill.]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

PINDARUS *[from above]*. O my lord!

CASSIUS. What news?

PINDARUS. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius! Now some light. Oh, he lights too.
He's ta'en. *[A shout is heard.]* And, hark! they shout
for joy.

CASSIUS. Come down, behold no more.

Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Come hither, sirrah:

[Pindarus returns.]

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath;

Now be a freeman: and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. *[Pindarus stabs him.]* Cæsar,
thou art revenged,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. *[Cassius dies.]*

PINDARUS. So, I am free; yet would not so have
been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Pindarus runs away. Titinius comes back with Messala.*]

MESSALA. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

TITINIUS. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

MESSALA. Where did you leave him?

TITINIUS. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

MESSALA. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

TITINIUS [*bending over Cassius' body*]. He lies not like
the living. O my heart!

MESSALA. Is not that he?

TITINIUS. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

MESSALA. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

TITINIUS. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pin-
darus?

MESSALA. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

TITINIUS. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Messala goes out*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*He stabs himself with Cassius' sword, and falls
dead beside his general.*

*Messala returns with Brutus, Cato, Strato,
Volumnius, and Lucilius.*

BRUTUS. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MESSALA. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS. Titinius' face is upward.

CATO. He is slain.

[*They stand round the bodies.*

BRUTUS. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

CATO.

Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRUTUS. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:

His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

SCENE IV

*The battle. The forces of Brutus have been routed.
Brutus, Cato, and Lucilius enter.*

BRUTUS. Yet, countrymen, oh, yet hold up your heads!

CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

BRUTUS. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

*[Brutus goes back to the fight. Some of Antony's
soldiers rush in; Cato attacks them and is
killed.]*

LUCILIUS. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

[The soldiers surround Lucilius.]

FIRST SOLDIER. Yield, or thou diest.

LUCILIUS. Only I yield to die:
[Offering them his purse] There is so much that thou
wilt kill me straight;

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

FIRST SOLDIER. We must not. A noble prisoner!

SECOND SOLDIER. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus
is ta'en.

FIRST SOLDIER. I'll tell the news. Here comes the
general. *[Antony approaches.]*

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANTONY. Where is he?

LUCILIUS. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANTONY. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure
you,

A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word into Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced.

SCENE V

The battle. All Brutus' troops have fled. He is left with Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

BRUTUS. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

CLITUS. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord, He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

BRUTUS. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

[He whispers to Clitus.]

CLITUS. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRUTUS. Peace then! no words.

CLITUS. I'll rather kill myself.

BRUTUS *[whispering]*. Hark thee, Dardanius.

DARDANIUS. Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUS. O Dardanius!

DARDANIUS. O Clitus!

CLITUS. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DARDANIUS. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLITUS. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

BRUTUS. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

VOLUMNIUS. What says my lord?

BRUTUS. Why, this, Volumnius?

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

VOLUMNIUS.

Not so, my lord.

BRUTUS. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou knowst that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

VOLUMNIUS. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

CLITUS. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

BRUTUS. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

CLITUS. Fly, my lord, fly.

BRUTUS. Hence! I will follow.

[Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius make off.]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

STRATO. Give me your hand first. Fare you well,
my lord

BRUTUS. Farewell, good Strato. Cæsar, now be
still :

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

*[Brutus runs on the sword which Strato holds,
and so kills himself.]*

*Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and
some soldiers draw near.*

OCTAVIUS. What man is that?

MESSALA. My master's man. Strato, where is thy
master?

STRATO *[pointing to the body]*. Free from the bondage
you are in, Messala :

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

LUCILIUS. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

OCTAVIUS. All that served Brutus, I will entertain
them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRATO. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

OCTAVIUS. Do so, good Messala.

MESSALA. How died my master, Strato?

STRATO. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

MESSALA. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

ANTONY *[reverently covering the body]*. This was the
noblest Roman of them all :

All the conspirators save only he

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;

He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"

OCTAVIUS. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

*[The soldiers take up the body of Brutus and
march away, followed by Messala, Titinius,
Octavius, and Antony.]*

GLOSSARY

abide, suffer for
abjects, contemptible things
across, folded
address'd, ready

Æneas, one of the few who
 escaped from the siege of
 Troy, was the reputed found-
 er of the Roman race

affections, personal inclina-
 tions.

Anchises, the father of Æneas

annoy, harm

answer'd, paid for

apprehensive, intelligent

apt, ready to receive

astonish, terrify

Ate, the goddess of strife

bait, worry (in the sense of
 bear-baiting)

bang, blow; "bear me a
 bang," receive a blow

base, low

basis: "Pompey's basis," the
 foot of Pompey's statue

battles, troops

bay, bark at

bay'd, brought to bay

bend, inclination

bent, direction

bills, orders, messages

bird of night, owl

bootless, in vain

break with, mention to

Brutus, the murderer of
 Cæsar, claimed descent from
 Lucius Junius Brutus, who
 drove Tarquin the Proud
 from Rome

bustling rumour, noise of
 tumult

cancel his captivity, release
 himself from his captivity

cast yourself in wonder,
 throw yourself into a state of
 wonder

cautelous, deceitful

ceremony, (1) symbols of
 worship—so ornaments, (2)
 omens, (3) ceremonious be-
 haviour

change: "In his own change,"
 through a change in his
 nature. "It is but change,"
 exchange

charactery, writing. So
 "All the charactery of my
 sad brows," the cares written
 in my forehead

charge, lay heavy on

charges, commands, troops

chew upon, ponder

choler, anger

chopped, chapped, rough

clean from, quite contrary
 to

climate, country

close in terms, come to terms

cognizance, token

Colossus, a gigantic statue.

The Colossus at Rhodes was one of the Seven Wonders of the World, and was popularly supposed to bestride the harbour so that ships could sail between its legs

colour, excuse

companion, fellow—as a term of contempt

compass, full circle

complexion, appearance

conceit, estimate, consider

conceptions, considerations

condition, temper

confidence, overconfidence

confines, regions

conjure, call up a spirit

conn'd by rote, learned by heart

consorted, accompanied

constancy, firmness of temper

constant, firm

construe, translate, attribute a meaning to

content, calm

contrive, plot

controversy: "hearts of controversy," valiant rivalry

corse, corpse

couchings, crouchings

course, race. During the Feast of Lupercal young men used to run naked round the city, striking those whom they met with strips of hide

cut from the sacrificed animal

courtesies, signs of respect

cross'd in conference, opposed in debate

cull out, choose

cynic, cur

degrees, steps

dint, dent, blow

discover, uncover, reveal

disrobe, strip off the garlands

doublet, jacket

drachma, a Greek coin worth about 10*d.*

element, heavens

emulation, jealous rivalry

enforced, (1) exaggerated, (2) struck with force

enfranchisement, freedom

engaged, pledged faith

enlarge, set free, give expression to

ensign, (1) standard, (2) standard-bearer

envy, hatred

Epicurus, a Greek philosopher who taught that happiness, the result of peace of mind, was the greatest good. He held that the gods, if they existed, did not trouble themselves about men, and therefore omens and superstitions were to be condemned. "Epicureanism," in a bad sense, was a later development

Erebus, hell
even virtue, true virtue
ever, always
exhalations, meteors
exigent, emergency
extenuated, cut down

face, appearance
faction, conspiracy
factionous, active ; so 'rebellious'
fain, gladly
fall, (1) happen, befall, (2) let fall
falling sickness, epilepsy
famed with, made famous by
familiar instances, little marks of kindness
fantasy, imagination
fashion, shape
favour, look, outward appearance
fear, cause of fear
fearful bravery, a show of courage due to fear
fell, terrible
figures, dreams caused by care
first decree, that which was ordained at first
fleering, grinning, sneering
fond, foolish
form, behaviour, manner
formal, outward appearance of
former, foremost
forth, out
freedom of repeal, restoration to his rights as a free man
fret, (1) cut through, (2) be vexed

general, public; "general honest thought," honestly planning for the common good
Genius, mind, the controlling force in man
gives way, leaves a way for
glanced, suggested
glazed, looked with a glassy stare
griefs, grievances
growing, gaining ground on
hands, handwritings
havoc: "cry 'Havoc,' " no quarter!
head: "make head," raise troops
health, safety
hearts of controversy, valiant rivalry
hedge me in, curtail my authority
hie, hasten
high-sighted, haughty
hinds, deer
honey-heavy, sweet
hooted, shouted, cried
humour, (*noun*) passing fancy; (*verb*) indulge
humours, damp air
Hybla, in Sicily, was famous for its honey
Ides of March, March 15
images, statues
incorporate: "one incorporate to our attempts," one with us in our purposes
indifferently, with indifference

indirection, underhand means
insuppressive, not to be suppressed

intermit, put off

jades, poor-spirited horses
jealous on, mistrustful of

kerchief: "to wear a kerchief," to be muffled up like an invalid

kind, nature

knave, boy

laughter: "a common laugh-er," one who makes cheap jokes

leaden points, *i.e.*, with no power to cut

lethe, death

liable, subject

lief, gladly

limitation, a set time. *See* sort

lottery, turn

lovers, friends

low-crooked, bending low

Lupercal. The Feast of Lupercal was held on February 15

lusty, manly

mace, club; "Lay'st thou thy leaden mace," strikest thou him down as with a heavy mace

main, general

makes to, go toward

marr'd, destroyed

mart, traffic in

masker, one who spends his time in entertainments

mean, means

mechanical, men who work with the hands, mechanics

merely, only, entirely

metal, same as "mettle"

mettle, temper; "quick mettle," lively disposition

mock: "a mock Apt to be rendered," a jibe likely to be made

modesty, moderation

moe, more

monstrous quality, unnatural ways

mortal instruments, the bodily members which obey the mind

mortified, decaying

motion, suggestion

neat's leather, ox-hide

Nervii, a Belgian tribe defeated by Cæsar in Gaul

niggard, put off

noted, publicly disgraced

occupation, business

offence, trouble; "sick offence," a trouble which makes one sick

ordinance, the natural order of things

orts, scraps of food

out: "be out," be out at heels

palm, prize of victory in the race

passion, strong feeling, emotion; "vexed . . . with passions," torn by conflicting emotions

path, to walk abroad
phantasma, nightmare
Philippi, in Macedonia
physical, healthy
pitch, the flight of a hawk
pitiful, full of pity
pleasures, pleasure grounds
Plutus, the god of wealth
portentous, prophesying evil
posture: "posture of your blows," manner of your blows
power, army
prefer, put forward
preformed faculties, the powers with which they are endowed
pre-ordinance: "turn pre-ordinance and first decree Into the law of children," make that which has been ordained and decreed as of great importancelike the capricious judgment of children
presage, foretell
present, immediate; "for the present," for this present time
presently, immediately
prevent, forestall, act before one's adversary
prevention, discovery
prick, spur
prick'd, ticked off, noted in the list
prodigious grown, become a portent
proof, example
proper, belonging to oneself
proscription, a Roman

method of dealing with political opponents. A list of the proscribed enemies of the State was published; anyone slaying them was entitled to succeed to their property
protester, one who protests friendship

question of, inquiry into

rabblement, rabble
range on, continue its course
regard, design
remorse, pity
repealing, calling back from banishment
replication, reverberation
resolved: "be resolved," have my doubts answered
respect, reputation
resting, staying still
retentive: "can be retentive," can hold in
rheumy, moist, causing fever
rived, split
Rome indeed and room enough. In Shakespeare's time Rome was pronounced 'Roome'

round, rung
rout, crowd, common herd

scandal, speak scandal of
scarfs, streamers
security, carelessness
semblance: "thy native semblance on," in your natural garb, without concealment

severally, separately
 shadow, reflection
 shape, body
 show of love, kindly manner
 shrewdly, very much, sharply
 sign'd, stained
 smatch, smack, taste
 soil, stain, blemish
 sort, kind, degree; "Am I
 yourself; But, as it were, in
 sort or limitation," am I
 your other half only in a
 measure or at some limited
 times?
 spleen, anger
 spoil, blood
 stale, make common
 stare, stand on end
 start of the majestic
 world, outstrips every one
 else
 sterile curse, the curse of
 barrenness
 still, always
 stomach, inclination, appetite
 strength of malice, in spite
 of our enmity to Cæsar
 sufferance, servile endurance
 suit, petition
 sway of earth, government
 of the world—*i.e.*, firmest
 things
 swoond, swoon, faint

 tag-rag, common
 take thought, grow melan-
 choly
 Tarquin, the Proud, the last
 King of Rome, was driven

out by Brutus, an ancestor
 of the Brutus in the play
 taste, degree
 temper, constitution
 testy, bad-tempered, touchy
 Thasos, an island in the
 Ægean Sea
 these and these, such
 time of life, the full span of life
 tinctures, stains. At the exe-
 cutions of great men the by-
 standers sometimes dipped
 their handkerchiefs in the
 blood and kept them as relics
 toils, nets
 trophies, emblems of victory
 unbraced, with the throat
 exposed
 underlings, inferior beings
 unmeritable, without merit
 unnumbered, innumerable
 unpurged, not yet cleared by
 the sun
 unshaked of motion, not
 shaken by movements
 untrod, new
 use, custom
 ventures, what we have risked
 void, empty
 wafture, waving
 warn, summon
 weighing, pondering
 wind, turn
 with, by
 world, the condition of the
 world
 yearns, grieves

EXERCISES

ACT I

1. Comment on the playing upon words in the first scene, quoting one or two examples that strike you particularly.

2. The cobbler euphemistically styled himself "a surgeon to old shoes." Invent like paraphrases for a tailor, an engine-driver, a doctor, a dentist, and a schoolmaster.

3. From the first scene quote a good instance of repartee, and support it by another that is original or drawn from some source other than Shakespeare.

4. Note the effectiveness of Marullus' rhetoric in the speech beginning "Wherefore rejoice?" and point out the rhetorical devices of repetition, antithesis, rhetorical question, hyperbole, etc., that make it so.

5. Explain fully the following passages, and translate them into everyday English:

(i) Know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession ?

(ii) Let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.

(iii) Beware the Ides of March.

(iv) What you would work me to, I have some aim.

6. Tell, simply and briefly, the story of how

Æneas our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear.

7. If Cæsar could have overheard what Cassius said about

him in the speech beginning "I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus," what do you imagine he would have said?

8. Write an essay on the subject "What's in a Name?"

9. What are you able to gather of the character of Brutus from the way in which he received the overtures of Cassius?

10. Discuss Cæsar's wish to have men about him that were fat.

11. Say whether in your opinion it is possible to think and to read too much. Give reasons.

12. Quote a parallel to the following passage that occurs in the present play. Do you agree with the sentiments there expressed?

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.

The Merchant of Venice

13. What precisely did Cassius mean when he exhorted Brutus to "think of the world"?

14. Give an account of any other character you have met in your reading of whom it could be said, as of Casca, that his "rudeness is a sauce to his good wit."

15. Discuss the general question involved in the statement

It is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes.

16. Observe how the setting in the third scene gives a presage of the great disturbances that are about to overwhelm the State. Give a similar example from your reading.

17. Write a paper on "Signs and Portents," taking your illustrations from this act.

18. Expand Cicero's words:

Men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

ACT II

1. Examine carefully Brutus' soliloquy beginning "It must be by his death," and say whether you think the argument is sound.

2. Note how the hint of darkness given in the first scene aptly suggests conspiracy and stealth. Give an account of the nocturnal meeting as Casca might have related it.

3. Explain and illustrate the lines:

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

4. The whispered conversation between Brutus and Cassius in Scene 1 is vital to the action. Everything depends upon Brutus' decision, and the other conspirators cloak their anxiety by arguing about the points of the compass just as we in similar circumstances might discuss the weather. Give in dramatic form this conversation between Brutus and Cassius.

5. (i) Let us not leave him out.
(ii) Indeed he is not fit.

Explain the circumstances in which these contradictory statements were made by the same person. What light do they shed upon his own character?

6. Draw a contrast between the characters of Portia and Calpurnia based on what you are able to learn of them from this act alone.

7. Tell a story to illustrate the saying "Cowards die many times before their deaths."

JULIUS CÆSAR

8. Write an essay on "Fear," taking as your text Cæsar's words:

It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

9. Explain what Artemidorus meant by saying that

Virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

Do you agree?

10. Note, as an example of the natural touches that abound in Shakespeare, the anxiety of Portia in the fourth scene. Give another example from the present play.

ACT III

1. Explain clearly the meaning of each of the words printed in italics :

- (i) And presently *prefer* his suit to Cæsar.
- (ii) He is *address'd* : press near and second him.
- (iii) Most high, most mighty, and most *puissant* Cæsar.
- (iv) Be not *fond*
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood.
- (v) Doth not Brutus *bootless* kneel ?

2. Discuss the principle "The King can do no wrong."

3. Explain the precise significance of the following scrap of dialogue :

CÆSAR. The Ides of March are come.

SOOTHSAYER. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

4. What impression do you receive of the character of Cæsar from the first scene of this act?

5. Say what you think Brutus meant by saying "ambition's debt is paid."

6. Make the Second Citizen give an account of the speech which Cassius delivered in "the other street" while Brutus was giving the oration which we have in the play.

7. Write a newspaper report, with suitable headings and paragraph-headings, of the speeches of Brutus and Antony at Cæsar's funeral.

8. Contrast the emotional effect of

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause,
and be silent, that you may hear,

with that of

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.

Say precisely what it is that makes the difference.

9. Give a description of the murder of Cæsar as Antony might have given it in a letter to a friend written very soon after the event.

10. Under the title of "The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age" write brief eulogies of the two or three living celebrities who seem to you most to deserve that title.

11. Contrast the ways in which Brutus and Cassius sought to win over Antony after the murder of Cæsar.

12. Write an essay on "Worldly Wisdom," taking Brutus and Cassius as illustrative types.

13. Note the effect of the Cinna scene, coming as it does immediately after the murder of Cæsar. The ridiculous figure cut by the unhappy poet serves to relieve a suspense which otherwise would be unbearable. "The foremost man of all this world" has fallen, and the whole world stands aghast, wondering what will happen next. At just that moment Shakespeare, with unerring instinct, makes the 'spring poet' fill the stage, and the audience is dissolved in laughter. Quote, if you can, a similar example from your own reading.

14. Comment on the way in which Mark Antony handled the crowd.

15. Say what you think of the suggestion that Shakespeare intentionally portrayed Cæsar at his worst, as otherwise the murder would be quite intolerable.

ACT IV

1. You are given Antony's opinion of Lepidus. Write down what you suppose Lepidus thought of Antony. (*N.B.* It is not sufficient to make Lepidus indulge in expressions of abuse and contempt. You must rather consider the impression which a man of Antony's temperament would be likely to make upon the heavy and commonplace nature of Lepidus. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, I, iv.)

2. Discuss the truth of the general question involved in the lines:

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

3. Show that the quarrel scene is a good representation of the course a quarrel usually takes. Write an account of any other quarrel in fiction or in history.

4. To which side do you find that your own sympathies tend in the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius? Say why.

5. Compare the ill-timed entrance of the poet in Scene III of this act with the fate of Cinna the poet in the third scene of Act III. Show that in each case ridicule is made to act as a safety-valve for pent-up feelings.

6. Write an illustration of the lines:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

7. Comment on the behaviour of Brutus to his subordinates.

ACT V

1. Note the difference of opinion that arose between Antony and Octavius in Scene 1, corresponding to that which had previously taken place between the two generals on the other side. Comment on the results in each case.

2. Find an equivalent to the words "I told you so" from Scene 1 of this act, and explain all the circumstances.

3. Cassius was a follower of Epicurus, Brutus a Stoic. What was the essential difference between their creeds? (*N.B.* Epicureans were not necessarily gluttons.)

4. Observe how Shakespeare maintains the dramatic interest of the battle of Philippi by the extremely short scenes giving us glimpses of the fight, now here, now there; first of Brutus' fortunes, then of Cassius' fate. Write a short consecutive prose description of the battle, making the scene as realistic as possible.

5. Explain the circumstances in which Brutus made the admission that the spirit of Cæsar was unconquered.

6. His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"

Write an appreciation of any other great man of whom you think these words might fitly be used.

7. Brutus is often regarded as the ideal patriot. Contrast this view with that of Dante, who, in his vision, saw both Brutus and Cassius in hell in company with Judas Iscariot, and express your own feeling in the matter.

8. The interest in drama is in *men* rather than in movements. Show how Shakespeare in the battle of Philippi rivets our attention upon the personal fortunes of the leaders, so that we have little concern with the abstract principles for which they stood.

GENERAL

1. Write a paper on "The Minor Characters of *Julius Cæsar*," showing how effectively they are drawn.

2. Name all the occasions on which Cassius allowed his better judgment to be overruled by Brutus. What difference would it have made had he insisted on his own way each time?

3. In *Twelfth Night* Feste says "and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges." Illustrate his words from the present play.

4. Observe the indirect method of characterization employed here by Shakespeare. Note, for example, the tributes paid to Brutus both by friends and foes. Make a collection of some of the most notable of these, and draw your own conclusions as to the character of Brutus.

5. Show that the crisis of this-play comes in the middle of the plot, and compare *Julius Cæsar* in this respect with any other play that you have at hand.

6. How far is it true to say that the starting-point of the action is in the mind of Brutus and not in any external event?

7. Do you think that from such expressions as

Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he,

we are justified in drawing the conclusion that Cæsar was merely an idle boaster?

8. Say what references you can find to the following subjects in *Julius Cæsar*: fear, omens, philosophy, sleep, oaths.

9. What two characters in the play went to school together? State the circumstances in which this fact was recalled.

10. Observe the extreme concentration and emphasis of the scene in the Senate-house, contrasting strongly as it does

with the slow movement of the preceding scenes. Quote from your own reading another instance of concentration and rapid movement.

11. Comment on the dramatic irony in Act III, Scene 1. Cæsar is most confident at the very moment when we know him to be in the gravest danger.

12. Quote examples of anachronism from *Julius Cæsar*. Are these of sufficient importance to be called blots on the play?

13. Comment on the appropriateness of the following assertions :

- (i) A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour.
- (ii) A masker and a reveller.
- (iii) No man bears sorrow better.
- (iv) He thinks too much.
- (v) 'Tis true, this god did shake.

14. Give a character-sketch of Casca, and show the nature of his importance in the play. Reply to the objection that his character is not consistently drawn.

15. "In Shakespeare's tragedies the men are more important than the women; in his comedies the women are more important than the men." Discuss this in connexion with *Julius Cæsar*.

16. Do you agree with Schlegel that "Cæsar is not the hero of the piece, but Brutus"?

17. Write an essay on "Two Idealists," taking as types Brutus and one other of your own choice.

18. Comment on the distribution of prose and verse throughout the play.

19. Name the respective speakers of the following, and say with what degree of truth the assertions were made in each case :

- (i) I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
- (ii) I have made strong proof of my constancy.

- (iii) I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me.
- (iv) I am constant as the northern star.
- (v) I am not gamesome.

20. Draw an extended contrast between Portia and Calpurnia, giving illustrative quotations from the play.

21. Discuss the assertion that Shakespeare should have ended the play at the death of Cæsar.

22. In *Hamlet* Horatio says

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

Quote a parallel passage from this play.

23. What can you gather from the play of Shakespeare's opinion of the common people?

24. Mr Masefield says, "In this great play, as in *Macbeth*, Shakespeare strove to present a violent act and its consequences from the point of view of a great just spirit outside life." Discuss this.

25. Indicate the passage in the play which seems to you the most memorable, and give a brief appreciation of it.

26. Write a note on the effective contrast between the cobbler's puns and the burst of eloquence from Marullus. (There is a similar scene in *Coriolanus*, in which the citizens and Menenius Agrippa take part.)

27. Hazlitt says that "Those who mean well themselves think well of others, and fall a prey to their security." Show the truth of this by illustrations drawn from *Julius Cæsar*.

28. Write a note on "Some Minor Incidents of the Play," showing how they add to the effectiveness and dramatic interest. Such a touch as that of Lucius falling asleep, for example, is beautiful in its truth to nature.

29. Mr Masfield says "Both Cæsar's murder and Brutus' downfall are almost prevented." Show that this is so.

30. "He had not any great care for accuracy of detail for its own sake, caring only for its dramatic interest." Show that this is true of Shakespeare as far as the present play is concerned.

31. Cæsar asks

What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?

Cassius asserts

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Discuss the general question involved here, and say in which direction your own sympathies lie.

32. (i) Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone.

(ii) The noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.

(iii) The foremost man of all this world.

Use these estimates in constructing what you consider to be an impartial character-study of Julius Cæsar.

33. Discuss the assertion that "Cassius is perhaps more liable to misinterpretation than any other character in the play."

34. Show that each of the following utterances is typical of its speaker :

(i) In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

(ii) What touches us ourself shall be last served.

(iii) Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner
worth the eating.

(iv) Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers.

35. What is meant by saying that the mob in *Julius Cæsar* "holds an intermediate position between the actors and the audience"?

36. Say to what characters in the play the following estimates apply, and comment upon the justness of each :

- (i) Deluded into murder . . . by an envious friend and the belief that he was saving Rome.—MASEFIELD.
- (ii) The mixed nature of his motives made him fitter to contend with bad men.—HAZLITT.
- (iii) The vastness of his figure is tacitly or openly presupposed in all the happenings of the play.—SCHÜCKING.
- (iv) What impresses us here is his extraordinary brilliancy and power of rising to a crisis.—INNES.
- (v) . . . answers to Pope's description of women in general as having no characters at all.—MICHAEL MACMILLAN.

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